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BY F. M. TRIMMIE

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Washington News and Gossip.

WASHINGTON, October 25.

Arrival of Lt.-General Sherman.

Lieutenant-General W. T. Sherman arrived here by this evening's train, and will be the guest of General Grant. Generals Grant and Sherman attended the performance at the National Theatre this evening. General Sherman has been invited here for the purpose of consulting with Gen. Grant upon the reconstruction of the army. His arrival has no reference to an immediate change in the war office.

Presidential pardons.

The following persons who were concerned in the great rebellion were pardoned by the President yesterday and to-day: P. H. Puckett, Louisiana; E. Kingsworthy, Arkansas; David Garvin, W. S. Mullins and Simeon Adkins, South Carolina. The disposition of Cotton and other property by Treasury Agents.

The statement called for by a resolution of the House of Representatives of May 28, 1866, and again on September 1, by the Committee on Retrenchment, with reference to the disposition made of all cotton and other property coming into the hands of Treasury agents during the war, has been prepared under the supervision of the Commissioners of Customs, and has been sent to the Secretary of the Treasury.

National Bank Items.

The following items are from the quarterly reports of the national banks, October 1st, 1866: Total loans and disbursements \$606,238,808; United States bonds deposited to secure circulation, \$331,743,200; other United States securities, \$94,954,150; specie on hand, \$8,170,135; legal tenders, \$205,760,641; capital stock \$115,278,969; surplus fund \$53,359,277; national circulation, \$285,129,558; individual deposits, \$563,510,570; United States deposits, \$30,420,819.

Emancipation of Slaves in Cuba and Puerto Rico.

The State Department has received official copies of Spanish official documents including one which is intended to render impossible the successful prosecution of the African slave trade in Cuba and Puerto Rico, and also a copy of the decree of the Queen, declaring any person of color who may be in servitude in those Provinces emancipated and free on touching the territory of the Peninsula and its adjacent islands, or on arriving within the jurisdiction and maritime zone of the same, whatever may be the cause of his landing on the said territory, or landing himself in the waters of its jurisdiction.

NEGRO VOTING.—The New York Herald's correspondent, in his report of the concluding proceedings of the Albany Negro Convention, says:

"A curious position of the Convention openly expressed in the two addresses, one to the Democrats and one to the Republicans, is to be found in the fact that they advertise in these documents to cast their influence and their votes with the party that will grant the colored element of the State the largest number of favors. With this object, as already stated, they have appointed committees to wait on the various leaders, and sound them on the subject of the pending issues in the campaign, which action has already caused some commotion among the said leaders and wire pullers. A small number of the delegates, among them Colonel Wm. Rich, of Troy, are for clinging to the Republicans at all hazards, but I think the majority are inclined to make decided overtures to the Democrats."

As a man named John Stubbings, of Cirtling, Cambridgeshire, was watching a hive of bees about to swarm, the queen alighted on his head, and was immediately followed by a whole swarm. Stubbings had the presence of mind to stand perfectly still, and in a few minutes the bees completely covered one side of his head, leaving him only sufficient breathing space. As soon as they were settled, his wife swept them off into a hive, and he escaped unhurt.

George D. Prentice speaking of the death of a young lady says: "The close of her life was as calm as the falling of a quiet stream; gentle as the sinking of the breeze that lingers for a time around a bed of withered roses and then dies for very sweetness."

Sequel to
EDGAR A. POE'S "RAVEN."
SPARTANBURG, S. C., Oct. 1866.

MESSEURS. EDITORS:—Enclosed you will find a curious Poetical production, which may afford your readers some interest. A short sketch of its history may add to its interest.

In February, 1864, your subscriber was on his return from home to the A. N. Va. The train failed to make the connection at Raleigh, N. C., and the passengers were consequently detained twenty-four hours. During this time a party of soldiers, myself in the number, visited the Asylum. After looking over the interior of the building, we passed into the back grounds. Here one of the inmates, who was at large in the grounds, came to me and accosted me in a very friendly and familiar manner, saying that he knows me well, had seen me often, &c. He immediately began to intreat me very earnestly to go round to see his friend Lawdard, that he was anxious to see me. Fearing some evil design, as well as an infringement on the regulations of the Institution, I at first refused to go, but after much persuasion I went with him round to the window of his friend's room. He was highly delighted to see me, called me South Carolina as soon as he saw me, said he knew me well and began his conversation as with an intimate friend.

He was about twenty-five years of age, his countenance was very fine and quite intellectual, and had evidently been well educated. He volunteered to make us a speech on the general topic of the time, also some splendid music on the violin. He entertained us for some time, very interestingly so too, and as we were about to leave him entreated us to remain and he would repeat some poetry. We did so, and he repeated a good many pieces with a good deal of animation and expression. Among them was the one I send you. He avowed it was written by Edgar A. Poe after he had crossed the River Styx, and sent to him and that no one but himself could hold communion with Poe, &c.

On leaving, I requested him to send me a copy of the piece which he did, at the same time writing me the accompanying letter.

NERO.

BY ALSTON.

For within my brain we're burning,
Scorning life's despairing yearning,
Hopeless blinded in my anguish
Through my lady's open door
Came a RAVEN foul and sable
Like those evil birds of fable,
Downward swooping where the drooping
Spectres haunt the Stygian shore.

Ghosts of agonies departed, festering wounds
That long had smoldered,
Broken vows, returnless mornings, griefs and
Miseries of yore,
By some art revived; undaunted, I gazed
Steadfast, the enchanted,
Black, infernal Raven, uttered a wild dirge
Note, evermore.

Gazing steady, gazing madly on the bird, I
Spoke and sadly,
Broken down too deep for scolding sought for
Mercy to employ;
Turning to the bird I blessed it, in my bosom
I entered it,
Still it pierced my heart and revelled in the
Palpitating gore.

I grew mad, the crowning fancies, black weeds
They, not blooming fancies,
Made me think the bird a spirit, Bird I cried,
"Be bird no more,"
Take a shape, be man, be devil, be a snake,
rise in thy revel,
From thy banquet rise, be human, I have seen
Thee oft before;

Thou art a bird, but something more.
Tapping, tapping, striking deeper, rousing
From my body's keeper,
Thou hast oft erewhile sought entrance at the
Heart's great palace door
Leave me, leave me, gloomy demon, fiend or
Spirit most inhuman,
Strike me through, but first unveiling let me
See thee o'er and o'er.

Thou art a Bird, but something more.
Still with sable pinions flapping, the great
Raven, tapping, tapping,
Struck into my breast his talons, vast his wings
Outspread, and o'er
All my nature cast a pallor, but I strove with
Dying valor,
With the poignant of repulsion, striking thro'
The form it wore,
Of a Bird and something more.

Oh thou huge infernal Raven, imagine that
Hell's king hath graven,
Image growing more gigantic, nursed beyond
The Stygian shore.
Leave me, leave me, I beseech thee, I would
Not of wrong impeach thee,
I cried madly, then earth opened, with a brazen
Earthquake roar

Downward, downward, circling, speeding,
cries of anguish still unending,
Striking through me with his talons, still that
Raven shape he bore,
Unto Erebus we drifted, his huge wings by
thunder lifted,

Beat 'gainst drifts of white flamed lightning
sprinkled red with human gore;
'Twas a Bird, but Demon more.

"I'm no Bird," an Angel Brother, a bright
prit and none other.
I have waited blissful, tended thee for thirty
years and more.

In thy wild delusive madness, in thy blight,
disease and sadness,
I have sounded, tapping, tapping at the spirit's
Eden door,
Not a Bird, but Angel more.

In my Pimlyrenian splendor, in Zenobian
regiance tender,
More than Roman, though Aurelian the kingly
name I bore;

I have left my Angel palace, dropping in thy
sorrow's analgesic,
Consolation; oh, 'twas blessed, sweet, thy
pillow to bend o'er,
Not a Bird, Love's Angel more.

Staring down with light Elysian, through
the pearl gates of vision,
On thy trance soul lighted fancy, when across
the chamber floor,
Fell the spirit moonlight laden, with soft dews
From trees in Audean,
Shaken downward still "Nepenthe," drunk
by dreaming birds of yore.

Endless, a life's mocking fever, where through
citron groves, forever,
Blow me "space winds," and the Love Birds,
tell their capture o'er and o'er,
From earth's hell-bell, drifts haunted, from it
evil disenchanted,
I have borne thee gaze upon me, didst thou
see me ne'er before?

Then I wakened, if to waken, be to dwell by
grief forsaken,
With the God who dwelt with Angels, with
shining age of yore,
And I stood sublime, victorious, while below
lay earth with glorious

Realms of Angels, shining crown like, on her
temples evermore.
Not on Earth, an Eden more.

Earth I cried, thy clouds are shadows, from
the Asphodelian meadows,
Of the sky-world, floating downward, early
rains that from them pour,
Love's o' n Heaven, thy mother bore thee, and
the father, God bends o'er thee,
In his hand that crowns thy forehead, thou
shalt live forevermore.

Not an earth an Eden more.
As a gem hath many gleamings, and a day hath
many beamings,
And a garden many roses, thrilled with sweet
ness to the core,
So the soul has many ages, and the life-hath
many gages,

ut the hearts great gospel opens, where the
seraphim adore,
Not on earth an Eden more,
I will write a book hereafter, cheerful as baby's
laughter,
When the mother's breast o'er leans it on the
sainted spirit shore
Like Apollo the far darter, I the poet and the
martyr,
I'll chant psalms of soul music that shall live
forevermore.

NOT A FRIEND, A BROTHER MORE.

Important Legal Decision.

A decision has been given in the Probate Court of Sumter County, Alabama, embracing the following points:

1. The ordinance of the State Convention and the different Acts of the Legislature for the protection of administrators, executors and guardians, are valid; and assignments made by them in good faith, in the late Confederate securities, under color of law, will now be upheld; the loss falling upon the estate, and not upon such executors, administrators or guardians.

2. Contracts made during the war, which recognized the lawfulness of Confederate bonds and Treasury notes, and which were then valid, will not be pronounced void.

3. Collectors of debts due, in an estate by the personal representative, in Confederate Treasury notes, will be upheld if made in good faith, even though the debt was due before the war, and the notes became worthless in the hands of the administrator.

4. Where rights had already been vested before the surrender, or acts have been performed under the laws then in force, the public policy which existed at the time such rights accrued, and not present policy, will control the question of their legality; and loyalty to the National Government does not require interference with past such past transactions, if honestly made, and in accordance with the laws of the State at the time.

5. The administrator in this case, having in good faith sold a large amount of cotton, by the advice and order of the Probate Court, in 1863, for a fair price, and having taken a note for the purchase money from the purchaser, which was delivered to the guardian of the heirs, and afterwards collected in Confederate money, he is not liable to account again for said cotton; although the same was made with reference to the market price in Confederate money.

At a recent meeting of the Grand Lodge of the Order of Odd Fellows at Baltimore, it was reported that the receipts for last year were \$27,000; expenses \$22,000. The whole number of initiations during the year were 30,000. Total membership, 180,000; number of patriachs, admitted, 5,100; whole number of patriachs, 20,500; Revenue of Lodges, \$1,563,000; paid for relief, \$531,000. Revenue of encampments, \$168,000; paid for relief, \$82,000.

From Washington.

Correspondent of the Charleston Courier.

WASHINGTON, October 26.

The investigation into the charges against the Baltimore Police Commissioners commenced to-day. It was the opinion in that city, that the charges would not be noticed, or at least to such an extent as to justify their removal; but that if the evidence should leave no doubt of their misconduct, their removal would cause no break. Thus, it would seem, that there still some remaining regard for law and order in the country. It is evident that great number of political prisoners here and through the Northern States, would plunge the country into a civil and social war, to-morrow, if they could do it, and this spirit of mischief is not confined to one side in Northern political parties.

If the Baltimore mob do not serve the purpose of the Radical agitators, they will soon find some other pretext for revolution.

Conservative men who have lately sojournd in or reside in Western New York inform us that, in their opinion, the Radicals will reject Mr. Fenton. There is little or no expectation on the part of intelligent Conservatives that the State will separate itself politically from the other Northern States, although the cry of New York is metropolitan, and will give a large majority for the conservative candidate. It need not be said that the country is in any doubt on the subject, and still less that Northern Democrats or Johnson men promise more than they can possibly perform. The President, it is stated by some of his friends, enters into hope of carrying New York. But he is misled by office-seekers, who are full of promises. As soon as New York shall decide against the President's policy, the Radicals will be prepared to show their hands. They will hesitate about impeaching him.

The President paid a flying visit to Baltimore on Sunday, arriving in the morning and leaving in the afternoon. He came for the purpose of attending the closing ceremonies of the Catholic Council, and was accompanied by his son, Colonel Robert Johnson, and by Mayor Wallace and his wife. As he was seated in the Cathedral, he was warmly greeted by the venerable Prelate, Archbishop Spaulding, who entered through the sacristy before the procession arrived, and shook the hand of the President cordially. At the close of the services the enthusiasm of the people outside, on learning of the presence of Andrew Johnson, was exceedingly great. The people crowded around his carriage, and by seizing its wheels, strive to detain him amongst them, and he drove off amidst cheers which neither the time or the place could wholly repress.

Reduction of Taxes.

We have information which leads us to believe that the Revenue Commission, appointed to make investigations into the subject of revenue and to report thereon, will recommend a reduction or taking off entirely the tax on manufactures and raw articles, as well as a reduction of the income tax, probably to three per cent on incomes over a thousand dollars, and cutting it off under that amount. It is believed, too, that the Secretary of the Treasury will endorse this recommendation in his own report to Congress next December.—N. Y. Herald, 24th ult.

This is good news to everybody at the South. However much we may be divided in regard to other questions, we are all of one opinion as to the propriety of lightening the almost intolerable burden of taxation that now weighs down our energies, crushing out the life from all kinds of business. There is scarcely a single man in the South who would not feel such a reduction as a great relief, and the cotton producers would certainly rejoice with exceeding great joy. But the class of men upon whom Federal taxation presses hardest, and who would consequently be most benefited by a lessening of the tax, is the numerous one of men on small salaries who struggle for existence. For the sake of the whole country in general, but for the sake of poor men in particular, ought we to wish for a reduction of taxes.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CORN CROP.—A Philadelphia paper says it is estimated that the corn crop of Pennsylvania for the present year will amount to about 30,000,000 bushels, being an average yield of thirty-three bushels for each acre planted. Last year the corn crop of that State amounted to 35,477,106 bushels, and 886,928 acres were planted in corn, being an average of about forty bushels to the acre. Last year's crop was valued at \$8,838,168. The corn crop of 1865, last year, exceeded 177,000,000 bushels.

Sheriff's Attachment.

Court was in session, and amid the multiplicity of business which crowded upon a Sheriff at term time, he was led to the door of a beautiful widow on the sunny side of thirty, who, by the way, had often bestowed melting glances on the aforesaid Sheriff. He was admitted. The confusion and fright which the arrival of her visitor occasioned, set off to greater advantage the captivating charms of the widow M. Her cheek bore the beautiful rosy tints of the apple blossom; her lips resembled the rosebuds, upon which the dew yet lingered, and her eyes were like pavers of Cupid; an glance of love and endearment with which they were resembled arrows which only invited a "beau" (pardon the pun) to do full execution. After a few complimentary remarks,

"Madam," said the matter of fact Sheriff, "I have an attachment for you."

A deeper blush than usual mantled the cheeks of the fair widow, while the glance of her down-cast eyes were centered upon her beautiful foot, which, half concealed by flowing drapery, peered the floor. She with equal candor replied:

"Sir, the attachment is reciprocal."

For some time the Sheriff maintained an astonished silence, and at length said:

"Madam, will you proceed to court?"

"Proceed to court," replied the lady, with a merry laugh; they shaking her head, he said:

"No, sir, though this is leap year, I will not take advantage of the license herein granted to my sex and therefore prefer that you should proceed to court."

"Madam, the justice is waiting."

"Let him wait; I am not disposed to hurry matters, and besides, sir, when a ceremony is performed, I wish you to understand that I greatly prefer a minister of a justice of the peace."

A light dawned upon the Sheriff's brain.

"Madam," said he, rising from his chair with solemn dignity, "there is a great mistake here; my language has been misunderstood; the attachment of which I speak was issued from the office of squire _____ and commands me to bring you instantly before him to answer a contempt of court, disobeying a subpoena in the case of Smith vs. Jones."

LOST BY NOT TAKING A COUNTY PAPER.—Generally speaking but little importance is attached to the taking of a county newspaper. This neglect and indifference is its practical reward the other day.

Some time ago a gentleman in this town was appointed an auditor to distribute the moneys in the hands of an administrator amongst the creditors. Notice of the auditor was published in two of the county papers.

It so happened that a few creditors residing in a certain portion of the county who had collectively claims to the amount of seven or eight hundred dollars, from the neglect of taking a county paper never heard of the audit until after the report of the auditor had been confirmed by the court. They then came into town to inquire about the likelihood of securing their claims; called upon an attorney who examined into the matter, and informed them that they had forever lost their money, and we presume charged them five dollars for the information. All this resulted in being too penurious or too careless to subscribe for a county paper.

These gentlemen have learned a lesson that will last them the balance of their lives and serve as a warning to others who run the same motives fail to take their county paper.

Considerable feeling is exhibited throughout Georgia just now on the subject of re-valuation. It is thought that an effort will be made at the meeting of the Legislature, in November, to relieve the people from payment of certain debts contracted during and prior to the late war. The plea urged or repetition are the loss of slaves and the failure of the crops. The amount of property returned in the State for 1866 is \$200,000,000; in 1865, \$620,322,777; loss to State over \$465,000,000.

When a gentleman sits at a young lady, and she stares at him, they are apt to count to the region of love by a pair of stares.

"Now then, Joseph, parse courting, and a teacher to a rather slow boy."

"Courting is an irregular transitive verb, indicative mood, present tense, third person, and singular number, and so on," said Joseph.

"Well, but what does it agree with?" demanded the teacher.

"It agrees with—with—with all the girls in town," exclaimed Joseph.

"Do you like novels?" asked Miss Fitzgerald of her backwoods lover. "I never ate any; but I'm death on possum."

If a man sells his watch for fifty dollars, says it back for forty dollars, then sells it for forty five dollars, how much does he make in the transaction? It looks as if he made fifteen dollars, but he didn't.